



THE
Lady's Triumph:
A Comi-Dramatic
OPERA.





THE
Lady's Triumph;

A Comi-Dramatic

OPERA:

As it is now Perform'd at the THEATRE in
Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

With all the ENTERTAINMENTS of
MUSICK,

*And the whole Description of the SCENES
and MACHINERY, &c.*

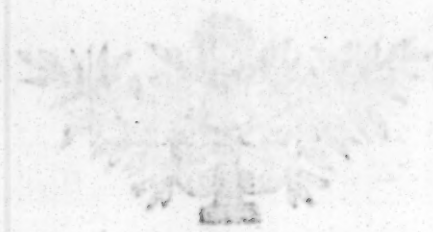


LONDON: Printed for J. BROWNE
without Temple-Bar, and W. HARVEY
at the Receipt of General-Post Letters within
Temple-Bar. 1718. Price 1s.

THE
LONDON & WESTMINSTER

OPERA

THEATRE
OF THE
LONDON & WESTMINSTER



LONDON, Printed by J. B. Row
at the Theatre, and W. Haver
at the Theatre, and W. Haver
at the Theatre, and W. Haver

PROLOGUE,

Spoken to the Subscribers.

AS when some Hero in a Land oppress,
Stands up, resolv'd to succour the Distress,
The Crowd, that long have felt a Tyrant Pow'r,
And wish'd, and waited, for the saving Hour,
With Transport round their brave Deliv'rer flow,
And in a Tumult pay the Thanks they owe :
So We, that still have labour'd with a Weight,
And bow'd beneath our Rivals stronger Fate,
That still have struggled, yet but faintly rose,
Kept down by Prejudice, and potent Foes,
Now rais'd, and rescu'd by your gen'rous Aid,
Long, till the Tribute of our Thanks is paid :
But when we would our Gratitude confess,
Find we want Words that Gratitude i'express.
Favours so great, like sudden Joys, surprize,
Stop short the Tongue, but fill the Heart and Eyes.
Our feeble Ut'rance can no further go,
Than that we all Things to your Bounty owe :
O, may we still deserve your Smiles t'engage,
And you still stand the Guardians of our Stage!

Circles

EPILOGUE.

*Circles like these, must certainly inspire,
At once the Poet's, and the Player's Fire ;
Old Sophocles himself, could Shades below,
Be thought Transactions here above to know,
Would murmur at the Fate that fix'd him down
To Grecian Climes, and envied his Renown ;
And Roscius too, that lives in Tully's Lines,
And fresh and glorious in his Rhet'rick shines,
Would yield the Roman Wit's Applause to raise,
To have such Judges give a nobler Praise.*

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. THURMOND.

WHEN such a Crowd of Bards, with
(pointed Wit,
Have satyriz'd the poor contented Cit,
How could our awkward Bard have such a Taste;
To shew a City Wife, yet make her chaste !—
'Tis a bold Stroke, and, faith, deserves no Quarter,
For Cuckoldom is held, as 'twere, by Charter ;
And for one Man to make this Innovation,
Touches the Rights of the whole Corporation ;
Indeed



THE
Lady's Triumph.



ACT I.

SCENE, A Gilded Chamber.

A Table appears with a large Chair empty facing the Audience, and Sir Charles Traplove seated on a Chair by the Table in a pensive Manner.

Sir Charles Traplove.



Lover! A Fool! Oh, but a Man of Intrigue! Ay, that's a Fool in Fashion, and so the Folly's a little more pardonable: But of all Fools I am an original, for here am I playing out a losing Game in Chace of a Citizen's Wife, with no more Prospect of catching her—Not that the fair Quarry herself makes any Flight from me, but that eternal Jaylour of hers, her Husband, together with that Devil of ill Luck, so baulk my
 B Designs,

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Designs, that I am ever projecting, and always mis-carrying; nay, with all the Conduct and Brains of a Warner, I have ten Times worse Luck than a Sir Martin — let me think a little — after all these Defeats, why am I Fool enough to push on so hopeless an Attack, when, to my utter Confusion, I make as slow Work of it as an Usurer's Repentance, or my own Reformation.

Enter Jocaril.

Jocaril?

Joc. Ay, Sir, just come in the lucky Minute; I could never lend you my honourable Company at a better Time, being all alone, with so many weighty Considerations about you, in all Duty bound I have brought you my sweet Face, to heighten your pious Meditations.

Sir Char. Yes, honest *Jocaril*, in the present Distraction of my Thoughts, I could not wish for better Company; I am so well satisfied both with thy Wit and Honesty, that I am resolv'd to ask a little Counsel of thee.

Joc. My Counsel, Sir?

Sir Char. Yes, *Jocaril*, thine.

Joc. Say you so, Sir? Nay then, by your Leave Statesmen, 'tis my Turn to be a Politician now. [*Claps himself down in the great Chair, putting on his Hat.* Nay, Sir, — If you please, Sir, — pray, Sir, — I am no proud Man. [*Moving his Hand to his Master to sit down.*

Sir Char. I thank you, Sir, [*Sitting down in the side Chair.*

Joc. Nay, Sir, don't think I take too much State upon me; a Counsellor always sits before his Client, especially if he comes *in formâ pauperis*, as you do, for I know you'll give me nothing, and so, Sir, no more Ceremony, but open your Case.

Sir Char. When I reflect what Hardships, what Misfortunes, and all the numerous Defeats I have met with in my long Chace of Love —

Joc.

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Joc. Love, Sir! And do you call it Love to make a Whore of an honest Man's Wife? Prodigious! nay, an Alderman's Wife too, that's more prodigious: When did you ever hear of a Whore or a Cuckold, within *Temple-Bar*.

Sir Char. A Whore!

Joc. Ay, Sir, a Whore——nay, no hard Looks—If you do not understand Law, I do: And let me tell you, Sir, there's not a Judge upon the Bench that hears a bawdy Tryal, but will have it at Length. In plain *English*, a Rogue's a Rogue, and a Whore's a Whore, and so no mincing of Matters, but go on with your Cause.

Sir Char. How the Rogue acts it.

[*Aside.*

Well, Sir, to speak home to the Purpose:

When I consider seriously with my self ——

Joc. Seriously consider? Ay, 'tis high Time you should, for do you know what 'tis to lye with another Man's Wife; why 'tis downright breaking thro' the Fundamentals of *Magna Charta* — The Wife is the Chattel, the Glebe, the Freehold of the Husband — And do you know what 'tis to make an Invasion of Liberty and Property? Why 'tis enough to pull down the whole Vengeance of *St. Stephen's Chapel* upon your Head, without Benefit of *Habeas Corpus*, or Writ of *Error* — A Cuckoldmaker! he ought no more to be suffer'd in a Civil Government, than a Fox in a Henroost, or a Polecat in a Coney Warren.

Oh, Whoring, Whoring, Whoring! 'Tis not only a great Sin, but a crying Sin; The Wife she cries for more than the Husband can give her — the Husband, he cries under more Load upon his Forehead, than he's able to bear; and the Children they cry, because they don't know their own Father — and the whole World cries ——

Sir Char. I'll hear no more; this is beyond all Sufferance.

Joc. What, angry, my noble Master ! [*Rising up out of his Chair, and clapping his Hat under his Arm.*]

Sir Char. Have not I Reason, Impudence, when you dare treat me with this insolent Buffoonry ?

Joc. O fie, Sir, fie, a Man of your nice Intellects, And understand your Faithful Slave no better !

This only was the Language of a Judge,

But as I am your honest *Jocaril*, I am

A Man of your own Kidney, bend

As low to the blind God, as you can do,

As generous a Libertine as your self, Sir.

Alack, Sir, I am a Man of more Religion,

Than to be of any other Church, but my Lord and
(Master's.

And to shew you how hearty a Labourer I have been in your Cause, I come this very Moment from your Mistress.

Sir Char. How ! from my Mistress ?

Joc. Ay, Sir, your Mistress, the right beautiful Spouse and Yoke-mate to the right worshipful Knight and Alderman, Sir *Cunningham Plotwell*, in the fair Bloom of Eighteen, linkt to venerable fifty-six. This lovely Piece of City-Flesh and Blood, sent me, the nimble Post of Love, to bring you such a Piece of News, such rare News. You may talk of your Defeats and your Miscarriages, the Frowns of Fortune, and the Malice of your Stars ; but *jacta est Alea*, now for passing the Rubicon—the golden Minute's come, Sir,

Sir Ch. And hast thou brought me smiling News from Love ?

Joc. The best in ten Kingdoms, such Luck, such a kind Mistress. All Joys before you.

Sir Char. Well, how and what ? what says my kind dear Angel ?

Joc. Why she says—and I say too, I have been your very faithful Servant.

Sir Char. I know thou hast,—but——

Joc. Such an Opportunity ? The Coast all clear, you're on the very Brink of all your Happiness.

—But

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—But really this Coat is very bare,—
And a new Livery would be so welcome—

Sir Char. A Pox o' Liveries, what says my Mistress?

Joc. She bid me tell you, Sir, the jealous Fop, her Husband, is gone, Sir.

Sir Char. Where? How far? for how long, dear *Jocaris*?

Joc. Gone, Sir, why—he's gone, Sir,—and really so are these Breeches, here's a Rent, and here's a Tatter,—oh dear, Sir, a new Livery,—

Sir Char. Talk not of Liveries; answer me quickly, Tell me what Message my dear Love has sent me?

Joc. She says her Husband, the *Alderman*, is gone as far as *Cambridge*.

Sir Char. To *Cambridge*! What forty Miles out of Town, and leave his dear Jewel behind him? Sure, 'tis impossible!

Joc. Why truly, Sir, it looks a little leaning towards an Impossibility, that such a Dotard, that never read Book but his Wives, shou'd be running to an University. But to tell you the Truth, he has heard of a rambling Debtor there, that stands a Brace and a half of Thousands, deep in Bonds to him: And as great an Idol as he makes of his dear Spouse, he pays not his whole Devotion to Love, he bends one Knee to his Gold too: And to sacrifice to this last Divinity, he's gallop'd this Morning towards *Cambridge*, and now the whole House, and the fair Mistress of it, are at your Service.

Sir Char. The guardian Dragon safe! Oh, let me fly,
To those dear Arms—for Love and Liberty.

[*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE changes to a Bed-Chamber.

Enter Lady Plotwel and Bettrice.

Bett. Well, Madam, as your Ladyship has fixt your Resolution to Reward the Loyal Services of your humble Servant and Adorer, the Honourable

B 3

Sir

Sir Charles; here's a fair Occasion presented him by my Master's Journey to Cambridge, of traversing all his past Misfortunes, and crowning his Felicity.

Lady Plot. Nay, hold a little; are you sure my Inclination is so fixt?

Bett. Sure Madam! After the Advances your Ladyship has made him, methinks you leave me no room to doubt it.

L. Plot. Why, truly *Bettrice*, I have given both thee reason to think so, and him to hope so. But to deal frankly with thee, I am a true Woman, and don't know my own Mind yet.

Bett. How, Madam, a Woman, and not know the Strength of your Constitution! That's strange! not know whether you resolve to make him a happy Man, or no!

L. Plot. Fye, fye! resolve to Cuckold my Husband! Oh, wicked! that's all Malice prepenſe; makes downright Murder of it! no, Girl, I have resolv'd nothing I'll leave it all to Fortune; and if she shou'd throw him into my Arms, then a little Cuckoldom will be only Chance-medley.

Bett. A very nice Distinction!

Enter Sir Charles.

But see the Wings of Love have brought him here.

Sir Char. To your dear Feet, sweet Angel.

Bett. To her warm Lips he means. [*Exit Bett.*]

Sir Char. Oh! my charming Dear!

Is the blest Minute come, or must I wait
A Trojan War, a ten Years Siege to win you?

Enter Bettrice running.

Bett. Oh, Madam, you're undone; my Master the Alderman—

L. Plot. Return'd!

Bett. Just at the Door.

Sir Char. Where shall I hide me! whither shall I fly!

L. Plot.

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L. Plot. Shou'd you leap out oth' Window, wou'd blast my Reputation for ever——and this way runs into his very Teeth——But quick, slip under this Carpet, and I'll cover you for a folding Table.

[They take a Carpet up from the Ground, and cover him exactly like a Table, his Face only peeping out towards the Musick-Room.]

Enter Alderman booted, with a hanging Coat on.

L. Plot. Oh, my dear Love, return'd in three short Hours, this is a Blessing ev'n beyond my Hopes.

Aldm. You see what smiling Stars we kind Husbands are born under; I had not travel'd five short Miles of forty, but met the very Man I went to seek, fairly and honestly coming to Town to me——But Lord, how dusty am I! I profess I have so Discompos'd my self with Riding, that I am almost asham'd to come near enough to kiss thee——But here, Wench, help me off with this dusty Coat.

[He pulls off his hanging Coat, and lays it upon a Carpet on Sir Charles.]

And now fetch me a good Cudgel.

Bett. A Cudgel, Sir! for what?

Aldm. Ho'now Gypsey, who bid you ask Questions?

[Exit Maid, and brings a Stick.]

[The Alderman beats his Coat, Sir Charles making sowe Faces at the Blows.]

Do but see how the Dust flies.

L. Plot. Nay, fye, my Dear, why do you give your self this Pains and Trouble, let the Maid brush your Coat.

Aldm. No, my Dear, I take all this Pains only for thy sake.

L. Plot. For mine, Sir!

Aldm. Ay, Child, Exercise begets Health, and Health begets Love, and Love begets pretty Boys and Girls, my Dear; and so I only give my self a little Exercise, and all for my dear Chicken. *[Still thumping the Coat, till Sir Charles groans]*

Ha! what's that under the Table; let me look, let me see——

L. Plot.

L. Plot. Nothing, my Dear; but my poor Lap-dog a sleeping there, and you thumt so hard, that you waked the poor Cur, and disturb'd him.

Aldm. Oh! was that all! [*Takes off the Coat, and gives it to the Maid.*]

Do but look, my Dear, the Dust of my Coat has spread the very Carpet, see how it flies; [*Giving three or four Straps on the Carpet.*]

Well Chicken, I'll just step into my Closet, and powder and spruce my self a little, and then I'll come all Sweetness to thy Arms. [*Exit.*]

Sir Char. Powder and spruce himself! [*Rising up.*]
He has powder'd me with a Vengeance; not one Bone whole, by *Juno.*

L. Plot. Alas poor Lapdog!

Sir Char. How, Tyrant, do you rally my Misfortunes?

L. Plot. Nay, hush, dear Cur, don't bite, sweet Lapdog——But no more trifling——Troop off whilst you are safe——Here, Hussey, whilst the old Fool's in his Closet, take and steal this young one down Stairs.

Sir Char. And must I lose thee?

L. Plot. Ay.

Sir Char. Not one Kifs!

L. Plot. No.

Sir Char. From those dear Lips, not one poor parting Blessing!

L. Plot. Get your Bones mended first, then talk of Kissing.

The SCENE Morefields.

Enter Captain Manworth, and Roger his Man in a Clown's Dress.

Capt. You have deliver'd my Letter you say!

Rog. Ay, noble Captain, never doubt your trusty Servant Roger, either for Conduct or Courage in a secret

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cret Expedition, especially in safe Winter Quarters, on this peaceable side of the Herring-Pond.

Capt. Well, but the Particulars of your Expedition.

Rog. Why, truly Sir, having uncased my self out of your Honour's Livery, into this *Turkshire-Grey*, I past so currently for a lubberly Country Kinsman to honest *Lucy* your Mistress's Chamber-maid, that who but the young Lady's own Daddy himself, should be the Master of the Ceremonies to introduce me to my Audience.

Capt. Very well.

Rog. Nay, better yet; in short, Mrs. *Lucy*, not a little proud to shew the sweet Phyz of so dear, and so near a Lump of her own natural Flesh and Blood to her young Lady, handed me up to her Bed-chamber, were I had the Honour to present your Letter to your Mistress, by no less than my own fair Hand.

Capt. Well, but her Answer, Sirrah?

Rog. Her Answer! Why, she told me, as the great Folks do at *Westminster*, she'd return you an Answer by a Messenger of her own: And if you'll take but half an Hour's Walk, about the Rounds here, you'll have a small Mercury, in Petticoats, e'en Mrs. *Lucy* herself, to give you a full Account of her Lady's whole sovereign Will and Pleasure.

Capt. Well, *Roger*, you have managed Matters like a Statesman, and I shall take a Time to be grateful; but I have no Occasion for your farther Service here, and therefore slip out of your Masquerade, and wait for me at my Lodgings at *Westminster*. [*Exit Roger.*

What ought I not to fear from all the Barrs

That lye between our Loves; and yet what Hopes Does my fair Charmer give me!

[*Standing in a pensive Manner.*

Enter Sir Charles Traplove.

Sir Char. What, my young Warriour from *Flanders*, honest Captain *Manworth*?

Capt.

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Capt. The honourable *Sir Charles Traplove*!

Sir Char. Well, how and how, my dear Son of *Mars*, is this your first Flight from the Field of Slaughter to the Land of Peace?

Capt. Why truly, *Sir Charles*, what with a brisk Gale, and a short Voyage, together with a hearty Whip and Spur from *Harwich* to *London*, I have made a pretty good Shift in a very little more than a Score and a Half of Hours, to reach this happy Spot, on which my good Fortune has thrown me, into the dear Arms of so worthy a Friend and Patron.

Sir Char. Ay, but, noble *Captain*, how comes it that Fortune should throw you into my Arms, on this melancholly Spot of Earth, the Walks in *Moorfields*? A Man would have expected to have found you (especially this first Morning of your Arrival) either at *Whites's* or *Tom's*, wrapt in a Cloud of Powder and Essences, receiving the Congratulations of your Victories from those peaceable Worthies, the Beaus—But on the contrary, to meet you in this doleful Neighbourhood, all alone, with down Looks, and folded Arms, as dull and as lumpish, as one of the ragged Inmates of yonder Palace of Captivity—Let me tell you, dear Friend, these Circumstances put together, afford Matter for some very nice Speculation.

Capt. Well, *Sir Charles*, since you have made so deep a Penetration into my Morning's Walk, and the thoughtful Posture you found me in, I'll be ingenuous, and make you my Confessor; be pleas'd to know then, that not far from yonder Palace, as you call it, lives——

Sir Char. A fair Piece of mortal Divinity, call'd a Mistress of yours.

Capt. Troth, you have hit it—and such a fair Divinity as commands my warmest Devotion.

Sir Char. Ay, now you're a true Man of Honour. *Mars* and *Venus* in Conjunction, should always rule a Soldier's Ascendant; for as you Gentlemen of the Sword push so heartily for thrusting so many of the
present

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present Generation out of the World, you can't in Reason and Conscience do less than push as heartily for the raising a new Generation to recruit the World again. And so, as you carry all Death and Vengeance abroad with you, you come all Love and Embraces home again. But, *Captain*, dare you descend to Particulars, and let me into the Secret of this Amour of yours?

Capt. Ay, with all my Heart, Sir, for as I am listed under the Banners of an honourable *Cupid*, I ought no more to be ashamed of setting up my Standard of Love, than that of War, even in the publick Face of the World.

Sir Char. Here the young Rogue has the Advantage of me; were my *Cupid* but half as honourable, I'd make him my Confident too. [Aside.]

Capt. Then, thus, *Sir Charles*, this fair Adored is the Daughter and only Child of as miserable a Wretch, as ever disgrac'd the Dirt he treads on; so covetous and sordid a Churl, that 'tis next to the unridling of a Miracle, to imagine, how so delicate a Frame of all Angel-Mould should spring from such a Root.

Sir Char. An odd Introduction! But go on.

Capt. This Father of her's was by Original a Country Grasier, a Composition so earthy, as scarce to match the more sociable Brutes he got his Estate by: From this boarish Education, he was, last Winter, elevated to a fair City-Mansion in *Broadstreet*, by a Call to an Estate left him by a rich Batchelor-Brother, sometime a Merchant there; by which Accession to his Patrimony he has advanced his fair Daughter to be the presumptive Heiress to eight Hundred a Year. And accordingly, from the Attraction of her natural Charms, and this shining Fortune, he sets her up like an Auction, by Inch of Candle, at who bids most.

Sir Char. Faith, *Captain*, here I am under a little Pain for you, considering you are a younger Brother with only a Commission in your Pocket.

Capt.

Capt. Right, *Sir Charles*; the Prospect of my Fortune on that Side may look a little cloudy; but when I shall tell you, how bright and how warm the young Lady's Favour shines upon me, her Heart is a Fortrefs so impregnable to all other Assailants, as neither to be bought, betray'd, nor conquer'd from me. What think you now, *Sir*?

Sir Char. Nay, if the kind Lady has resolv'd to break her enchanted Castle, and run the Hazard of dropping her eight hundred a Year in her leap into your Arms, then indeed your Hopes stand fair.

Capt. That hazard, if she must run, she has sworn she will run; not but she hopes to frame some dear Projection, as shall throw her into my Bosom, without ev'n the least shadow of Disobedience, and consequently no forfeiture of Paternal Blessings; and that I need not question her Performance, know she has Womans Wit, ev'n to a Prodigy.

Besides she has Love, and Love's a Master-Engineer.

Sir Char. Ay, this Projection will be Engine-work indeed.

Capt. To make short, *Sir*, amongst the numerous Aspirers to her Favour, the only select Choice her Father has made for her, is a Country Squire of seventeen Hundred a Year, but the most nauseous Fool that ever was despis'd by Woman.

Sir Char. Or perhaps ever embrac'd by Woman for some of the Sex love the Fool best.

Capt. This wise Bargain of her Father's providing as she tells me in her Letters, she has so carest, embraced and fondled, as if she resolv'd to melt into the very Mouth of him; insomuch, that the happy Father is so transported with his lucky Choice of a darling a Bedfellow for her, that he has new furnished the very House, bought whole Suits of Tapestry, Piles of Japan and Pyramids of China—and the Devil and all. In short, he's resolv'd to outdo ev'n the Magnificence of a Miser's Feast, at the Celebration of so dazling a Nuptial Day.

Sir Char.

Sir Char. Magnificent indeed !

Capt. After this wondrous Bridal Preparation, 'tis in this lucky Minute she sent me her Commands to Post for *England* ;

For now's the happy Crisis of my Fate,
She has laid that Plot, shall crown our Joys for ever.

Sir Char. Certainly, Captain, the wond'rous Movements in this Amour of yours, would furnish Machine-work enough for an Opera.

Capt. This was the Summons wing'd me o'er for *England* ;

No less then the Possession of a Mistress,
Could at this time have call'd me from my Duty
Paid to a sick, languishing Brother.

Sir Char. The Honourable Colonel *Manworth*, so dangerously wounded in a Duel ; I hate this barbarous Custom of Dueling, we have lost many a pretty Fellow that way.

Sir Char. A sudden Thought comes into my Head ; if Heav'n shou'd please to take this rich Brother aside, I can't but think how fair a Candidate you'd then stand for the Possession of your Mistress ; you'd then outbid the very Fool, your Rival, at her own Father's *Smithfield* Market-price.

Capt. Fy, Sir, I hope you do not think my Soul cou'd harbour

So poor a Thought, as ev'n but in a Dream,
To wish so dear a Brother's Death.
Though for the purchase of the richest Blessing
This World can give a Mistress.

Sir Char. Thou'rt a brave Fellow, and dost deserve her.

Capt. But see, yonder's a small *Ayd du Camps* moving this way with my Mistresses last Orders.

Sir Char. Nay, then I must retire.
Success attend you.

[Exit.

Euter Lucy.

Capt. Sweet, Mrs. *Lucy*.

Lucy. Happy *Lucy*, honour'd

C

With

With this Congratulation of your safe Return,
Both to your Country's and your Mistress's Arms.

[Gives him a Letter.

(*Whilst the Captain Reads*.)

Now am I the Honour of my Profession, an unmercenary Chambermaid, when instead of serving a rich Fool's Pretensions to my young Mistress, a Match enough to raise me

Ev'n to my highest Hopes, here am I following
The desperate Fortunes of an honest Gentleman,
Nay, and to play a no less dangerous Game,
Than to help ev'n to steal him to Bed to my Mistress,
Tho' at the Hazard of my own undoing.

Capt. Yes, lovely Guide, I'll follow every Step
Which this dear Oracle of Love directs me. [Kissing
the Letter.

But, honest *Lucy*, I am so much indebted
For all thy faithful Services, that not to dye a Bank-
Take this in Part of Payment. (rupt,

[Gives her Money.

Lucy, Well, I never was so cheated before, ten
Guineas, and from a Captain, 'twere a Present from
a Major General.

Capt. She tells me, *Lucy*, to enhance my Blessings,
I shall expect her here.

Lucy, Yes, Sir, in less than half an Hour; her Father is now booted and spurr'd, to mount this Morning at a Livery-Stable here, on the Backside of *Bedlam*, for a twenty Miles Journey into *Suffex*, to take a short Survey of her 'Squire's Seat and Estate there, and to peruse a few Writings not yet brought up, before his Consummation; and upon this Occasion she has officiously proffer'd her Service to hand her Booby along with her to see her Father take Horse, and wish him a good Journey. This Way they'll move, here meet her and accost her.

Capt. I have my full Instructions.

Lucy. But, Sir, I must return, my Face seen here,
Would be of dang'rous Consequence to the Cause.

Capt.

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Capt. Nay, I'll retire my self too, and to avoid
All Shadow of Design in walking here,
Watch for their Entry at a little more Distance,
To make our Meeting look the more like Chance.

Lucy. Ay, that, Sir, will do well.

Capt. Yes, honest *Lucy*,

*I must with Prudence and with Caution move,
'Tis Art and Mask must play my Game of Love.*

[Exeunt severally.]



A C T II.

The SCENE continues.

Enter Captain.

WHAT Difficulties has my Love to battle with,
And yet how confident is my lovely Heroine,
Of safely paving me my Way to Victory.

Enter Muckland booted, with the Esquire and Charlotte.

The charming Mistress of my Life and Soul!

This, Madam, is an unexpected Blessing. *[Salutes her.]*

Esq. Who have we here?

Muck. Young *Manworth*!

Capt. Happy *Manworth*!

Thus proud, Sir, to address your beauteous Daughter.

Char. I think I have told you more than once before,
I want no such Addresses, nor desire them. *[Scornfully.]*

Esq. How's this? A Rival!

Capt. How, Madam, is my Love so soon forgotten!

Charl. Forgotten! Pray, what flatt'ring Dream
(cou'd tell you

Your Love was worth remembering.

Muck. Yes, young Impudence,
When wer't thou worth a Thought from her that
(calls me Father?

Capt. This is too hard to treat my Love thus barbarously.

C 2

Muck.

Muckl. Thy Love, vain Coxcomb, Love! my Daughter's not to be so obtain'd; I tell thee, bold one, not the elder fighting Fool thy Colonel Brother, with his two thousand Pound a Year outweighs her Fortune: No, no, Friend, my Daughter's not to be caught like Mackarel, with a piece of red Cloth.

Capt. And, Madam, have you too resolv'd to second your Fathers Cruelty.

Charl. No, I am Principal in this Cause; and if
 A Father's Justice, his Paternal Right
 In the Disposal of an only Child
 Shall weigh too Light, I have weightier of my own.
 Think not thy slender Fortunes, only that
 Poor worldly Thought is all the Bar between us.
 No, I have a nobler Plea, not Interest, but Love:
 I Love this worthy Gentleman, so worthy,
 That Hand and Heart that I have seal'd his for ever.

Muckl. Oh, my blest Ears!

Charl. So much his Youth, his Person,
 Nay, ev'n his very Wit, all artless Innocence
 Decks him with those Charms, that wer't thou Lord
 Of all his Plenty, he even born below
 Thy Poverty, still I would Love him, make
 This only darling Choice from all Mankind,
 To fill my happy Arms.

Muckl. I am Transported; ———
 Come to my Arms my Child.

Capt. Why have I liv'd to see this fatal Day!
 And thou too cruel Fair, why all this cold Aversion!

Esq. Why—why—Lord, Brother Soldier, that
 thou should'st ask that Question; has not the Lady
 told you why! Did you not hear her say, I was
 Wittier and Prettier then you are! And the young
 Ladies always love us Wits, and handsom Folks
 best.

Capt. Yes, thou too happy, and too envied Rival,
 Why wert thou born to Curse me!

The Lady's Triumph.

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Esq. I curse you! Alackaday, you are mistaken in your Friend and Servant *Timothy Lackwit*. Why should I curse you? I have Money and Qualifications to recommend my self to her Liking, and set me above the Distrust of a Rival's Interest.

Capt. How now? What's this? Am I your Jest, your Sport——

Hark you, Sir, a Word with you.

Esq. With——me——Sir.

Capt. Yes, my pert 'Squire, with you.

Esq. Father—— [Speaking low.

Capt. Dare you fight, Sir.

Esq. F——F——Fight! no, Sir, I am a Captain of the Militia, and we don't use to fight; if any Man affronts us Militia Officers, we bind 'em over to the Peace.

Muckl. What's that the Ruffian says!

Esq. He asks me, if I dare fight. [Running over to the Father's Side.

Charl. Fight! my dear Darling, fight?

Muckl. No, Sir, he is a true Man of Honour;
He bears the Weight of Seventeen Hundred a Year,
And wants none of your rough hewn Soldierly Lug-
[gauge,

None of your Cut-throat Honour.

Esq. Besides, I pay as much Taxes as will keep half a Troop of fighting Scoundrels; and what Occasion have I to fight my self.

Capt. I shall find a Time to cut your Coward's Ears off. [Laying his Hand on his Sword.

Charl. This last Ruffianly Insolence has so provoked me, that I must joyn with my Father, and tell you, Sir, we have Laws, not Swords to right us. Begone then whilst thou art safe, and know to thy Confusion, so much I value this dear Life above thee.——

That quick Make-haste, take hence thy hated Face,
Vanish, Despair, and Die.

Capt. Die, no, thou hast cured me:

Yes, take your booby Choice, your greasy Clown,

A Load of Rubbish fit for such Embraces,
Low-spirited, Woman,
And so farewell, I'll never see you more.

[Exit.

Muckl. A blest Deliverance!

Esq. Ha! is he gone!

Charl. Ay, and e'en let him go.

Muckl. It grows late; the Morning gallops, and I
Loyter— [As he is going off, they follow him.

Nay, Child, I'll excuse thee from any farther Attendance; Besides, the appearance of a young Lady at a publick Inn may not be altogether so modish; So here I take my leave.

Charl. As you please, Sir.

Esq. Good bye Father, that is to be; but pray make as short a Business as you can of this Journey, and consult the Necessity of a couple of Lovers.

[Exit *Muckl.*

Charl. But, my Dear, now we are got Abroad together so early, methinks we should not return Home again presently: What if thou and I step in and see the Madfolks yonder?

Esq. Ay, with all my Heart.

[Exeunt.

The SCENE changes to a Chamber in Bedlam:

Re-enter Charlotte and Esquire, with one of the Keepers, and seat themselves.

Keep. In this Quarter, Madam, lie only Persons of Distinction, who make a handsom Allowance for their Apartment, and are not liable to the Disturbance of every common Spectator: And you shall see only such, Lady, that tho' wild in their Conceits, as Madness can make them, we yet venture to give them a kind of Liberty! Oh, here comes a more numerous Train, that divert their Madness with fits of Dancing.

[A Dance of Madmen perform'd, the Keeper at the end of the Dance, whipping them all off.

Enter

The Lady's Triumph.

19

Enter Mr. Leveridge.

Keep. Oh! here comes the King of the Walk, one that fancies himself as Great, as the greatest Monarch that ever wielded a Scepter. Be not afraid, for tho' he carries Fury in his Countenance, his Frenzy never transports him to any Violence.

Mr. Lev. *Rage shall have Room, let Discord thrive,*

Bid the God of War

Ascend his Car

And o'er the Globe with Fury drive.

Ha! plead no more; — the Wretch must die:

The Eastern Monarch has pronounc'd his Fate,

Nor shall Entreaties now reverse his Doom. —

Quick, — Let that gloomy Courtier hence;

He has a factious, discontented Face. —

Not do it? By the Pow'r of Kings, I dare.

Do not the spacious Realms around,

From *Indus* to the *Nile*, confess my Pow'r?

My Soul's on Fire. — Oh, that I could ascend

The Realms of Light, and sit enthron'd on Clouds!

Thence hurl the Thunder, drive the fleecy Snow,

And make the Skies blush with uncommon Lightnings!

Great Ambition! Pow'r Divine,

That dost humane Breasts refine,

How can'st Thou the Hero raise!

By Thee, his swelling Soul does rise

To ev'ry noble Enterprize,

Aspiring at Immortal Praise.

Great Ambition! Pow'r Divine,

That dost humane Breasts refine,

How can'st Thou the Hero raise!

Enter Mrs. Barbier.

Keep. But see, Madam, here comes a fair Mourner, whose Sorrows must conjure up a Sympathy of Grief

The Lady's Triumph.

Grief in every tender Bosom. The Death of
 Lovely Youth, who was to have been the Partner of
 her Bed, was the Cause of her Distraction.

*Mrs. Bar. Cold in the silent Tomb he lies,
 And Virgins steal at Dead of Night,
 With broken Hearts, and flowing Eyes,
 To do his hallow'd Ashes Right.*

Alas ! In vain, I mourn his Fate ;
 Deaf to my unavailing Woe,
 The cruel Gods refuse to give me Rest. ———
 But to the *Elysian* Plains I'll force my Way,
 And thro' the gloomy shades below
 Seek out his wand'ring Shade :
 Then never, never, will we part again. ———
 Each gliding Ghost shall murmur at our Bliss ;
 While we th' Eternal Round of Hours
 Improve with still-renewing Joys ! ———
 But waking Cares exclude Delight ;
 Pale Horrors, and Despair
 Reign in my tortur'd Breast :
 I cannot dispossess the Tyrant Plagues. ———
 Then, let my Tears flow on,
 Till Nature can no more their Streams supply,
 And I, like *Niobe*, to Marble turn :
 Or the kind Gods in Pity ease my Pain.

*O Realms of Night ! O gloomy Pow'rs !
 Receive me to your peaceful Pow'rs :*

*A Wretch, whom cruel Fate has made
 Unfit for Light and upper Day,
 Grows sick of yon resplendent Ray,
 And, courting Death, invokes your Aid.*

*O Realms of Night ! O gloomy Pow'rs !
 Receive me to your peaceful Bow'rs.*

Mr. Lev. Cease, thou lamenting Fair One, cease ;
 Let Sorrows on the Wretched wait.

Let

The Lady's Triumph.

21

Let Greatness, and Imperial Pleasures
Woo thee to Joy, and sooth thy troubled Soul.
Chuse where thou wilt vouchsafe to reign,
And sighing Kings shall for thy Love contend.

Mrs. Barb. Think not to calm the Tempest of my
With vain, imaginary Joys. (Grief.

Anguish is seated here,
And I to Death must mourn the lovely Boy.
Pleasure and Love are with him dead;
And *Cupid* hangs his drooping Head.

Mr. Lev. Impertinence of Woe!
Is there a Grief
Which Regal Honours cannot cure?

She. To sooth } the gen'rous { tender } Soul,
He. To fire } { daring }

She. 'Tis Love } alone has Charms:
He. Empire }

Both. All other Passions I controul,

She. Love only gives } me Alarms.
He. Not Love can give }

She. To sooth } the gen'rous { tender } Soul,
He. To fire } { daring }

She. 'Tis Love } alone has Charms.
He. Empire }

[Exeunt.

Char. Well, 'Squire, how do you like your Enter-
tainment?

Esq. Oh, extreamly well; these are the merriest
Madfolks.

Charl. I am glad they please you——But now we
are Abroad, what if we take one little Ramble more,
and Visit the famous Astrologer that lives here in
Moorfields.

Esq. An Astrologer! what one of those deep Schol-
lards as talk with the Moon and Stars, and tell
Folks their Fortunes!——Ay, by all means let's
go: He shall tell my sweet *Charly* her Fortune, and
her dear 'Squire his Fortune, and so come along.

[Exeunt.
ACT

A C T III.

SCENE a Garden, reaching to the Depth of the Prospect, bearing six Pair of Wings, appearing within the enclosure of a very high Stone-wall; at the Basis of which, and projecting from the Wall in each Scene, is seen a Range of Iron-work, gilt in several of the Ornamental Parts of it; each Range extending forwards to a beautiful Pedestal, enrich'd likewise with Gildings, bearing each a Golden Urn, fill'd with all variety of Flowers, the whole near twelve Foot high, and in every Wing two high Cypresses, in a direct Range thro' the whole. At the Center, or Depth of the Garden, is planted a large Bason in an Hexagonal Circle, born up on the Backs of Golden Lyons. Behind the Bason a black vein'd Marble Pillar Supports, a Figure of Thetis (the whole near 20 Foot high) in a gilt Scallop-Chariot, drawn by three Golden Dolphins. In the Garden, and near the Scenes stands seven Pedestals, bearing as many gilt Statues of Heroes in Armor, each with a Lance in his Hand. On each Side of the Fountain likewise appear two very high Figures representing Phœbus and Luna.

Enter Bettrice.

Bett. **W**ELL, poor Sir Charles, I am in Pain for you again, my Lady is so unfortunate in her Assignations. I don't like those Statues, it looks more like a Preparation for my Master's Divertisement, than my Mistresses.

Enter Lady Plotwell

L. Plot. You have answer'd his Message then, and let him know, that the Alderman's Abroad.

Bett. Yes, Madam, I have posted his own Mercury back with that important Intelligence—Well, nothing sure has so great a Soul as a true Lover, when after all the severe Buffets of Fortune your poor Sir Charles has receiv'd this Morning, you see your Lady.

The Lady's Triumph.

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Ladyship's Commands have inspired him with new Courage to venture a second Meeting.

L. Plot. Ay, *Bettrice*, and you see my Wit can match his Courage, whilst to run no more Hazards within Doors, I'll receive him this Afternoon in the Garden here. Hark! Three Knocks at the back-Garden Gate? Ay, he's come, here take the Key and let him in. *[Exit Bettrice, and re-enter with*

Sir Charles.

L. Plot. So, *Sir Charles*, now I find you a true Hero, when you dare venture again into the Field of Love after so late, and so fatal a Defeat.

Sir Char. Alas, Madam, 'tis not one lost Battle must make a Lover a Coward.

Enter Bettrice running.

Bett. Oh, Madam, another fatal Disappointment!

L. Plot. Why, what's the Matter?

Bett. My Master has brought a Couple of Friends to shew 'em the Garden.

Sir Char. Oh, the Devil! New Calamities? Ne'er a Bush, never a Briar, never a Nettle-Bed to hide me in.

L. Plot. No Matter, whip but into this empty Fountain, and lie close till he has walk'd his Round, and the Coast will be clear again presently.

[Sir Charles leaps into the Fountain.]

Enter Sir Cunningham and two Gentlemen.

Alder. Well, Gentlemen, how do you like this small Plantation?

1st Gent. 'Tis a wondrous sweet Place.

2d Gent. A little Paradise, Sir.

Alder. A small Retirement for my dear Spouse and me.

1st Gent. Retirement? Why 'tis enough to inspire you with the Soul of Poetry; the Garden for a *Parnassus*, and that Fountain for a *Helicon*, would inspire *Apollo* himself, and the whole Set of *Muses*.

Alder.

Alder. Why, indeed, Sir, I own my self a Friend to the sacred Nine; and, tho' an Alderman, do not live like the rest of my Brothers of the Chain; I have taken Pains in my Youth to be happy in my Age; I enjoy heartily what I have, and think my self worth no more than I spend.

2d Gent. You have a right Taste of Life.

Alder. I love to encourage Arts and Sciences; I love Painting, Musick, Poetry; and tho' I say't, can at any Time entertain a Friend with something Theatrical, even within *Temple-Bar*, nay, here in my own House, Gentlemen.

1st Gent. You surprize me!

Alder. You may think this a strange Humour in a Citizen; but I have Money enough, and am resolv'd to please my self; and if you'll do me the Honour to bring a few Friends—Let me see—I have all to morrow for Preparation, and the next is my Wife's Birth-Day, I'll entertain you with a Piece or two of Musick, and a handsome Masque.

1st Gent. We'll certainly wait on you, Sir.

Alder. Art thou here my Love?

Both Gent. Your Ladyship's most dutiful Servants.

L. Plot. Yes, stol'n forth, my Dear, for a little Refreshment. A little of the Garden-Breeze, and the sweet Air abroad, you see, have enter'd me into some small Temptation.

Alder. Temptation do'st thou call it! A very innocent one. But come, Gentlemen, please you to sit down, and let me give you a little Entertainment. To your Posts, and be ready at the Sign. [*To his*

Footmen who Exeunt on each side, within the Garden.

[*They all sit down on each Side the Stage.*

Alder. Now, Gentlemen, take a full View, and tell me of all you see, before you, what like you best?

1st Gent. 'Tis all together so beautiful——

2d Gent. Such infinite Attraction——

1st Gent. We know not where to be Particular.

Alder. How do you like my Flower-Pots?

1st Gent.

The Lady's Triumph.

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1st Gent. To Admiration !

2d Gent. *Flora's* whole Treasury—

Alder. Alas, Gentlemen Flow'rs are meer Emblems of Mortality, here one Minute and gone the next.

[*He Whistles with the head of his Cane, and in the twinkling of an Eye, all the twelve Flower-pots in the Scenes are vanish, and twelve Statues of Gold as big as the Life appear in their Rooms.*]

1st Gent. [Starting up] I am all Amazement.

2d Gent. Downright Conjurat[i]on !

I hope you worthy Reformers profess no Magick ?

Alder. Magick ? Heaven forbid ! no Gentlemen, only an innocent Piece of Art. If so many poor Rascals have entertain'd you with moving Pictures, what cannot the Purse of an *Alderman* reach ! Mine's a moving Garden, runs all upon Engine-work, and my Servants are the Machinists to play them for me ; but come sit down again, this is my Wive's Fountain, and she shall entertain you with some of her Water-works. Do you hear, within there ! set the Fountain a Playing.

[*Here the Fountain immediately pours a very large streaming shower of Water from the Mouths of the three Dolphins, the Stream spreading near three Foot wide, and falling about seven Foot in view down into the Basin.*]

Alder. Now, my Dear, let me beg thee to entertain these Gentlemen with a Song.

L. Plot. Oh fy, Sir, *Cunningham*, I never grant Favours to a begging Husband ; If you'll use your Authority, and command me to Sing, I'll do my best to obey you.

Alder. Well, take it which way thou pleasest, so thou oblig'st me.

[The Lady Sings.]

OF T on the troubled Ocean's Face
Loud stormy Winds arise,
The murmuring Surges swell apace,
And Clouds obscure the Skies :

D

But

But when the Tempest's Rage is o'er,
 Soft Breezes smooth the Main:
 The Billows cease to lash the Shore,
 And All is calm again.

Not so, in fond and am'rous Souls,
 If Tyrant Love once reigns;
 There one Eternal Tempest rolls,
 And yields unceasing Pains.

Ah! cruel God, our Peace restore,
 Or wound us with thy Shafts no more!

Alder. Ha! what's that! what's that Noise in the Fountain?

L. Plot. Only an Eccho to my Musick.

1st Gent. That's rare indeed.

Alder. Ay, Gentlemen, you see what Art can shew;
 Deep Heads, and deeper Purses can do every Thing.
 But I am afraid my Dear, we have been Intruders,
 and may have interrupted thy Meditations;
 But here we'll take our Leaves, beg Pardon, and restore
 thee to thy more dear Retirement.

L. Plot. You oblige me. [Exeunt Aldermen, his
 two Friends and Servants.

So much for Love; now for a little Charity.

[Goes to the Fountain, turns a Cock, and the Fountain stops; Sir Charles comes out, his Cloaths all stain'd with Water, with a lank Wig all knotted, &c. as put out of the Curls by the Water, squeezing several Pints of Water out of his Cloath upon the Stage.

L. Plot. What pleasing Wonders do my Eyes discover!
 (cover!

Ay, now, Sir Charles, you are a true bred Lover.
 To wade thro' Waves and Seas t'a Mistresses Arms;
 What Heart but such Heroick Glory Charms.
 So Neptune mounted o'er a rowling Billow,
 To Sleep on Amphitrite's watry Pillow.

Sir Char. I am a pretty Subject for Heroicks, when
 I am drench'd like a Pickpocket.

Sir

The Lady's Triumph.

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L. Plot. Never be troubled, my Dear, All for Love, or the World well lost.

Sir Char. Fie, Madam, rally not my want of Courage
(rage)

In Loves dear Cause; 'tis not a petty Shower
Can quench the Flames those Eyes have light.

L. Plot. Nay, hold, my dripping Spark.

Lucy. Go hand Sir Charles out at the back Gate,
Alas! my Dear, instead of the cold Comfort
Of Grots and Bowers of Love, take my Advice,
Creep home t'a good Fireside; thou'lt find more
(Charms)

In a warm Nurs'ry, than a Mistress's Arms.

(*Exeunt severally.*)

SCENE Changes to an Anti-Chamber.

Enter Charlotte, and the Captain in a Countryman's Habit.

Capt. You see, Madam, what Shapes poor Love
(puts on,

This Morning your Commands transform'd me
Into a downright Stage-Player, a meer Actor,
So different from the Language of my Soul,
I forced my Tongue to speak. And now t'escape
All dangerous, prying, Eyes, I come to Night,
A Musquerader to my Charlotte's Arms.

Charl. True, as thou say'st, we have been wonderful
Performers in the Parts we have play'd to day.
And faith, when we have joyn'd for better or worse,
if my Father should prove a Recreant, and Fortune
play the Jilt, we could not want the Theatres to en-
tertain us.

Enter Lucy.

Well, *Lucy*, when may I expect this booby Lover?

Lucy. Oh, presently, Madam, as fast as his light
Heels can carry his empty Head, never doubt him,
especially when his 'Squireship has received the
Summons sent him by his fair Spouse elect.

D. 2

Charl.

Charl. And are the Pipers all prepar'd for his Reception.

Lucy. Ready at the first Word of Command.

Charl. I think we have pretty well matcht 'em to the painted Figures.

Lucy. Most nicely, to the very Life, Madam, oh ! 'twill be the rarest Amusement, we shall so puzzle his shallow Intellects, so tickle him out of his little Country Wits.

Charl. Ay, *Lucy*, if we can but elevate the heavy-
(headed

Fool to Courage enough but to ask me the Question The Work's done, the Day's our own Girl.

Lucy. Nay, Madam, never fear the Operation of so masterly a Projection. For what tho' he's that Lifeless Animal to his Mistress, I can do any thing with him, I have the Length of his Foot, and the Depth of his Heart, and the very Soul of him. Then he has so natural a Superstition for Gypsies and Prophets, and Fortune-tellers, bred up under an old Aunt ; so fond of your *Gadburies* and your *Partridges*, and your old Mother *Shiptons*, and the rest of the Star-gazing News-mongers, that what with the Documents I shall infuse to prepare him, your own wonderful Predictions of what a happy Couple ye shall make ; and all confirm'd by no less than the Sight of a Miracle ; never fear but we shall inspire him with the Soul of a Hero ; and he shall push the Question home to you (I'll answer for him) to your own Heart's Content.

Charl. Ay, *Lucy*, do but play thy Part——

Lucy. Oh ! never fear my Underwalk in the Plot.

Charl. So, prithee down to the Door again, and be ready to give him Entrance.

Lucy. Ay, Madam, and this Bell shall give you Notice.

[*Exit.*

Capt. Oh ! my dear Charmer, this Projection has Life and Soul in it.

Charl. Ay, dear *Captain*, you see how poor Lovers are put to as hard Politicks as you Heroes ; we do

not

The Lady's Triumph.

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not always win the Day by a fair pitch Battle; sometimes we carry the Conquest by Art and Stratagem of War.

[*Lucy rings within.*]

—But hark the warning Bell.

Now to our Posts.

[*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE continues.

Enter Lucy and Esquire.

Lucy. Oh! *Squire*, where have you been all this while, your poor Mistress was afraid she had lost you. Not see you ever since Morning! how do you think the poor Thing should live a Day without you?

Esq. Nay 'tis a fond, dear Creature, and to say Truth I am smitten too, and would you believe it, Mrs. *Lucy*, I wish I may never get drunk again, if I don't love her better than Toast and Ale in a frosty Morning.

Lucy. Let me see, 'Squire! How long have you been come a wooing to my young Mistress?

Esq. How long! why six whole long Weeks.

Lucy. Six whole Weeks! Lord, what a hard-hearted Creature is this Father of ours, to keep a young Gentleman six long tedious Weeks, a doing just nothing, only a little Tittle Tattle, Prittle Prattle Courtship, when the young Couple could have made up the Business, and lovingly taken one another hand in hand to Church together in six Days Time.

Esq. 'A'dod, and so we could, Ah! *Lucy*, thou know'st our Hearts met together at our Eyes the first Time we saw one another; and my pretty Rogue *Charley* discover'd something in this sweet Face of mine, that told her I was the only Man in the World that was born to make her happy; and had not this troublesome old Fellow thrust his impertinent Noddle into the Business, we two young Folks should have got to Bed together in the twentieth Part of all this Time.

Lucy.

Lucy. Ay, indeed, 'Squire, so you should; but these naughty old Daddies never consider the Longings of you young Lovers.

Esq. Consider! Why he has no Conscience in him; besides, who knows how long he intends to keep us at dilly dally, and shilly shally?

Lucy. Faith, and troth, 'Squire, 'tis unreasonable; and were I as thou, I would not take it at his Hands.

Esq. Why how shall I help my self?

Lucy. How! — Like a Man, noble 'Squire, bear up briskly to your young Mistress, whisper a kind Word in her Ear, and take her and marry her to morrow.

Esq. And may I be so bold, Forsooth!

Lucy. Bold! she'll love thee the better for't.

Esq. And shall I marry my sweet Charley to morrow!

Lucy. Marry her! ay, and go to Bed to her too.

Esq. Oh, oh! I shall be so asham'd!

Lucy. Asham'd of being the happiest Man in the World.

Esq. But you'll stand by me, *Lucy*?

Lucy. Ay, ay, stand by you, I'll do the whole Work for you; court your Mistress for you; buy the Ring; call the Parson; make the Sack-Posset; and throw the Stocking; and do every thing for you; here's my Hand upon't; fear nothing, she is thy own.

Esq. Well, dear *Lucy*, thou art the honestest, best, Friend I have in the World, and I shall never be able to make thee amends for all thy loving Kindness. *[A Piece of Musick perform'd by Flutes is heard within.]*

Hark! hark! *Lucy*, what, have we got Pipers amongst us?

Lucy. Pipers! and in our House, I am all amazed!

Esq. Oh! fie, *Lucy*, I was never amaz'd at a Bagpipe in all my Life; no, I was always pleas'd with it.

Lucy.

The Lady's Triumph.

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Lucy. Well, 'Squire, now I'll carry you to your Mistress, and there satisfy my self of the meaning of this Musick.

Esq. Ay, ay, come along, I do so love these Fiddlers.

[Exeunt.]

[The Scene opens and discovers a Room hung with Tapestry; the Flat Scene the Representation of a Cart, drawn by one Horse, in a Rural Prospective; the Captain, in his Countryman's Dress, leading the Horse, with a Carter's Whip in his Hand; and on the Cope of the Cart are seated two Persons of the Musick in Rustick Dresses, each with a Flute in his Mouth, in the Posture of Piping: In the two next Wings are painted two Cows, with their Tails towards the Audience, and two Milk-Maids painted under them a Milking; and two more of the Musick in the same Posture of Piping, on a Bough of a Tree.]

Re-enter Lucy and Esquire.

Esq. Haytarocket! What's all this!

Lucy. Oh, 'Squire, this is the new Piece of Tapestry thy Father bespoke for thee, for this is to be thy Wedding-Chamber.

Esq. And my dear Charley must come to bed to me here, must she?

Lucy. Oh, fie, Esquire, you must come to bed to her.

Esq. Nay, nay, which way you please, she come, or I come, that shall break no Squares between us.

Enter Charlotte.

Charl. And is my Love return'd to my Embraces! Oh let me run into these Arms?

Lucy. Oh, Madam, I have been strangely surpriz'd. The Esquire and I heard Musick in the House.

Charl. Ay, Girl; and the most ravishing Piece of Musick these Ears e'er heard! Oh, I have seen a Miracle.

Lucy.

Lucy. Musick and Miracles !

Charl. Ay, and such Musick, *Lucy.* Oh 'Squire, you remember how the famous Astrologer told me, that I was born to be the happiest Woman in the World in thy dear Embraces ; and to confirm the Prophecy he made me

Told me this Night I should behold a Miracle.

Those very woven Pictures in the Tapestry,

All of a sudden tun'd their painted Pipes,

And made the sweetest Musick.

Esq. Those Linsey Woolsey Fiddlers did they Pipe ?

Charl. Ay, 'Squire, I saw 'em, heard 'em ———

[*They pipe again.*]

Let your own Ears convince you.

Esq. Oh prodigious ! [Walking about amaz'd.]

Charl. What think you now ! Am I not born to be a happy Woman indeed, when Miracles proclaim it ? Think how we shall live and love ; my 'Squire a petty Prince, and I a little Queen !

Esq. Ay, my Dear, we shall be the happiest Couple in the whole World ; well, I never was so overjoy'd in all my Life.

[*They change the Tune to a light Air.*]

Esq. Zooks, I have a Ballad to this Tune.

The Esquire Sings.

ON a Bank of Flow'rs in a Summer's Day,
Inviting and undrest

In her Bloom of Years bright Celia lay,

With Love and Sleep oppress'd :

When a Youthful Swain, with admiring Eyes,

Wish'd he durst the fair Maid surprize,

With a fa, la, la, &c.

But fear'd approaching Spies.

When a youthful, &c.

II.

As he gaz'd, a gentle Breeze arose

That fann'd her Robes aside,

And

*And the sleeping Nymph did the Charms disclose,
Which, waking, she would hide.
Then his Breath grew short, and his Heart beat high,
He long'd to touch what he chanc'd to spy,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
But durst not still draw nigh.
Then his Breath, &c.*

III.

*All amaz'd he stood, with her Beauties fir'd,
And bless'd the courteous Wind;
Then in Whispers sigh'd, and the Gods desir'd
That Celia might be kind.
When, with Hope grown bold, he advanc'd amain,
But she laugh'd loud in a Dream, and again
With a fa, la, la, &c
Repell'd the tim'rous Swain.
When, with Hope grown, &c.*

IV.

*Yet when once Desire has inflam'd the Soul,
All modest Doubts withdraw;
And the God of Love does each Fear controul,
That would the Lover awe.
Shall a Prize like this, says the vent'rous Boy,
'Scape, and I not the Means employ,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
To seize the profer'd Joy?
Shall a Prize, &c.*

V.

*Here the glowing Youth, to relieve his Pain,
The slumb'ring Maid carcs'd,
And with trembling Hands (O the simple Swain!)
Her snowy Bosom press'd.
When the Virgin wak'd, and affrighted flew,
Yet look'd, as wishing he would pursue,
With a fa, la, la, &c
But Damon miss'd his Cue.
When the Virgin, &c.*

VI.

Now repenting that he had let her fly,
 Himself he thus accus'd;
 What a dull and stupid Thing was I,
 That such a Chance abus'd?
 To thy Shame 'twill soon on the Plains be said,
 Damon a Virgin asleep betray'd,
 With a fa, la, la, &c.
 Yet let her go a Maid.
 To thy Shame, &c.

Esq. Never was Man so ravish'd and transported with Joy and Expectation; had this foolish Daddy of ours staid at Home to have seen us consummate our Happiness, he might have made a Journey to Jerusalem, and I should ne'er have thought he stay'd too long.

Charl. Ay, 'Squire, wou'd he were here; but he poor Man is gone a long, long, Journey.

Esq. Ay, there's the Mischief on't, his Wits are run a Wool-gathering, the Devil knows whither. I warrant you he has Lands and Tenements, and Windmills and Watermills, and Settlements and Jointures, and Fines and Recoveries, and a Thousand cursed Conundrums in his Head; and here we and our Affections must be at a stand, whilst some subtle Rogue of a Lawyer is picking his Pocket, and laughing at him behind his Back for his wonderful Circumpection.

Lucy. Ay, now 'Squire, pluck up a good Heart.

Esq. Udzooks, my Dear, I have the rarest Thought come into my Head; if this blockedly Father has no more Wit then to be running a Fools Errands, what if thou and I should e'en steal to Bed together, and provide for an Heir to inherit the Estate, before the old Fool has read the Writings of it.

Charl. Ey, 'Squire, you make me blush.

Lucy. Nay, Madam, don't mistake your 'Squire, he means very honestly; he does not court you to his

his Arms, any otherwise then by the Honourable Bonds of Marriage!

Esq. Ay, by all means, 'tis a standing Maxim in our Country, to hold fast when I take a slippery Eele by the Tail; fast bind fast find, I say is the Word; when I creep to Bed to a young Girl, and when one wou'd run into a merry Frolick, there's nothing like having the Countenance of Law and Authority on one's Side.

Lucy. Do you hear, Madam, with what true Love and Honour the worthy 'Squire Courts you to his Embraces.

Esq. Ay, zooks, and so I do.

Lucy. Nay, Madam, let me court you too; you must, you shall be kind: Nay, how can you refuse him! say, when shall he be Happy, speak, dear Madam.

Charl. I know not what to say.

Lucy. Let me speak for you—It shall be to Morrow.

Charl. Well, if it must be to Morrow.

Lucy. Ay, now, hear that 'Squire—Did not I tell you I'd stand by you?

Esq. Ay, thou art a dear kind Wench.

Charl. You see, dear 'Squire, I can deny you nothing; if I must be your Bride to Morrow, let us not make a publick Wedding of it.

Lucy. As private as you please, the 'Squire loves no Noise.

Esq. No, no, no Noise at all, only a few Drums and Trumpets.

Lucy. Well, Madam, If I may take the boldness to advise you, the 'Squire shall give you all the Day to Morrow, to make some Bridal Preparations to receive him; and then, what if he wait upon you—(let me see) at nine a Clock at Night.

Charl. E'en when you please, sweet *Lucy*.

Lucy. Ay, Madam, exactly at Nine; for by that Time I shall have rummag'd the Milleners and the Seamstresses, and the Perfumers, and have got all Things ready, the Clerk and the Parson, and all.

Esq.

Esq. Oh, thou art a rare Lafs.

Lucy. Well, 'Squire, you hear the happy Hour of Affignation.

Lucy. Now, 'Squire, hand in your Mistress, your Bride I should say; you shall stay and take a short Supper with her, and then home to Bed to dream of your Happiness to Morrow.

[*The 'Squire leads in the Lady through the Scenes, and the Captain in the Hangings gives him a Lash cross the Back with his Cart-whip.*]

Esq. Oh—What's that; what's that! I am kill'd, I am dead, Oh!

Lucy. Nothing dear 'Squire, but another little piece of a Miracle to put you in mind of to Morrow, that you don't forget to come to Bed to your Mistress.

Esq. Oh, was that All!—But 'twas a plaguy hard Miracle.

Charl. A little too rough indeed.

Lucy. But hang all Sorrow, You'll have gentler Miracles perform'd to morrow.

Esq. I'fack, and so we shall. [Exeunt.



ACT IV.

The SCENE a Street.

Enter Esquire solus.

Esq. **W**ELL, never was poor Fellow so abused as I have been—here have I been walking, and fretting, and starving, all this cold Night, from Nine a Clock to almost broad Daylight; thumping and bouncing, and bawling and squalling, and can make no living Soul hear me; here must be Roguery in this Business.—Ad'zooks, I have found it out, this conjuring Rogue of an Astrologer has bewitcht

bewicht 'em all, that they can neither hear me, nor see me all this while : I thought his Devils and he had Mischief in their Heads, when they laid one of their Miracles on my Back with a Cart-whip.

Enter a Parish-Clerk.

Clerk. Good morrow, noble 'Squire! what up so early?

Esq. Ay, Friend, I may very well be up so early, when I have been up all Night.

Clerk. Oh, fie, Sir, a Man of your Honour, and a young Bridegroom, just risen from the Joys of Love in the Arms of so charming a Lady, and asham'd to own your Felicity?

Esq. Bridegroom, and Lady! And Joys, and Felicity! What does all this mean?

Clerk. Nay, 'Squire, I confess 'twas a sort of a stoln Wedding; a little huddled up in the Dark; and perhaps you have some private Reasons to conceal it. But why from me, your trusty humble Servant?

Esq. What is the Devil in the Man to talk all this Gibberish; hark ye, Friend, you that are my humble Servant so all of a sudden, pray who are you?

Clerk. Lord! 'Squire, how can you forget me, when I am the honest Clerk to the Parson that married you last Night.

Esq. Married me!

Clerk. Ay, ay, married you, what should you make so strange on't. [Exit.]

Esq. 'Odd, I don't know what to make of all this, whether that Fellow is drunk, or I, mad or asleep: But I'll try once more, and see if these deaf Folks have found their Ears yet. [Exit.]

The SCENE changes to a Chamber.

Enter Charlotte in a Morning Gown, undrest, and Lucy with her.

Lucy. Now let me wish you Joy.

E

Charl.

Charl. I have all the Joys my very Soul could wish.

Enter Esquire.

Esq. So I have got in at last — And see, yonder she comes. Oh! my poor Dear, art thou unbewitcht again.

Enter Captain at the opposite Door in a Night-Gown, dressed exactly like the Esquire.

Charl. What do I see?

Esq. Only your poor 'Squire that has been walking all Night under your Chamber Window.

Charl. Oh, my Confusion! *Manworth!*

Esq. Hey day, what have we got here two 'Squires?

Charl. Oh, thou Barbarian, how hast thou undone me.

Capt. Nay, lovely Charmer, load me not with all This barbarous Reproach, for only playing An Artifice of Love.

Charl. Love! Impious Ravisher! Stand off; Thou worse than Poison to my Eyes. But oh! By what curst Engines! what conspiring Devils! Has that vile Slave betray'd me to my Ruin. I hope, my Dear, when I admitted thee To steal last Night to my embracing Arms, Thou didst not tell the fatal Secret?

Esq. Tell, Madam! What a Blab of my Tongue! I tell! No, I am none of those Fools, I told no Mortal Soul, but only my honest Landlord and Landlady.

Charl. What didst thou tell them?

Esq. Pshaw, waw! just nothing — Because I would not have the good People sit up for me, I only told them I should not come home all Night; for my little *Charly* desired me to come to Bed to her; that was all I vow and swear.

Charl. All! dost thou say!

Oh, thou hast at once undone thy self and me.

Enter

Enter Muckland the Father.

My Father! oh, Sir, you are come to see the miserablest Woman!

Muck. What sayst thou? Ha! [*Espying the Captain* That Villain *Manworth*! What Pranks has this black Devil, in that Shape of Innocence, been playing here to Night?

Charl. If I can hold out Life enough to tell you, you shall hear it all.

Sir, when you left us, this dear Youth, impatient To have his bridal Joys so long delay'd, In a soft yielding Hour attack'd my Heart.

Esq. Oh!

[*Groaning.*

Charl. Too soon prevail'd upon me, To huddle a short Wedding in the Dark; And steal last Night to his dear *Charlotte's* Arms, For I, fond Creature, could refuse him nothing.

Esq. Oh!

[*Groans.*

Charl. But, oh! too vainly proud of his approach-
(ing Joys,

Disclos'd the Secret to those mercenary Wretches, That have betray'd and sold me.

Esq. Ay, dear Daddy, I did speak one foolish Word, but I vow 'twas before I was aware.

Charl. And see how that unhappy Word has ruin'd
(me,

See there that false Deluder, by that borrow'd Shape, Has married me, possess'd me; Oh! I have slept This whole long Night in that false Traytor's Arms. But, oh!

[*Swoons, sinking into Lucy's Arms.*

Lucy. She faints and dies.

Muck. Why let her die, so much the better.

Capt. Can you wish her dead, Sir?

Muck. Yes, Monster, dead, to have thee doubly
(hang'd,

First as a Ravisher, and then a Murderer.

Hope not to 'scape my Vengeance; if there's Law Or Justice in the World, thou barb'rous Villain— I'll have thy Blood.

Esq. Ay, thou too cruel, bloody minded, Man; how could you have the Heart to go to bed to so sweet a Creature — Nay, when you were convinced in your Soul she had an Aversion to you, and I was was the only Person beneath the Moon in her good Graces.

Lucy. See she revives.

Charl. Give me a little Air.

Enter the Captain's Servant, Roger.

Rog. Is Captain *Manworth* here, my honest Master.

Esq. An honest Captain here! No, Friend; but yonder's a wicked 'Squire got into my Skin.

Muck. Ay, Varlet, there's your Monster.

Rog. Sir, here's a Letter, a Gentleman that lately arrived from *Flanders* left for you and bad me tell you, your Brother was dead — He was gone to the Secretary's Office, but should be glad to see you to-morrow at *Young Man's*.

Muck. His elder Brother dead, then there's two thousand Pounds a Year fallen to him

Esq. Nay, sweet *Lucy*, dont take so much Care of me, I shall make a Shift perhaps to out-live this woful Day; but, my dear *Charley*, that miserable Creature, how will she bear it! But prithee go and comfort her a little, and desire her not quite to break her poor Heart for me. [Blubbing.]

Muck. Really, Daughter, I have consider'd this Night's Business, and upon second Thoughts what is done can't be undone; and therefore I think we must e'en play the good Christians, forget and forgive. !

Char. How Sir, forgive a Cheat, and an Impostor

Muck. Why truly, as thou say'st, the Captain has play'd a little Sort of a slippery Frolick; but 'twas all Love, and Love thou know'st, like Hunger, can break ev'n through Stone Walls; besides the poor Man has receiv'd the sorrowful News of the Death of a kind Brother, and 'twould be too hard-hearted to heap Afflictions upon Afflictions, and therefore come,

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come, my Child, take him to Mercy, and e'en sit down contented.

Charl. Contented, yes, Sir, you may be contented, he has two thousand Pounds a Year to sooth your angry Brow ; but what Content can I have ? I who have settled my Heart to this sweet Youth, giv'n him that Love which I can ne'er call back again.

Muck. Nay, say not so.

Charl. Can I divide my Heart.

Capt. Dear 'Squire, do you speak a good Word for me too, though I have married Mistress *Charlotte*, you can't be angry with me ; Alas, dear Sir, I lov'd her long before you, and meant you no harm at all ; do then be kind, and beg her to forgive me.

Esq. Nay, Sir, you talk like a very civil Gentleman, and I would speak for you, but I vow I am so full of Sorrow, that I can't get out one Word for Sobbing — Oh —

Charl. No, 'tis impossible. [*They continuing in dumb Shew on each Side of her, as urging the Cause.*]

Muck. Say not impossible, 'tis but Resolving.

Charl. Oh, you speak too late, I know my Heart too well.

Muck. Know thy self too ; and know what 'tis thou can'st not Love ; look on him.

Lucy. All that should charm a Woman.

Muck. Every Thing that can deserve thee.

Lucy. Th' only Man can make you Happy.

Charl. You are a Father, and may command me any Thing.

Muck. I do command thee then.

Charl. Well, Sir, I'll try to force my Heart.

Muck. Ay, now thou'rt my best Child.

Lucy. Come 'Squire. [*Taking the 'Squire aside.*]

Dry up your Eyes. [*Wiping his Eyes with a Handkerchief.*]

Esq. Ah, *Lucy*, *Lucy*, thou hast been my dearest Friend, but my hard Fortune —

Lucy. Nay, do not Grieve.

Esq. Not Grieve, when I have lost my *Charly* ?

Lucy Lost her! Ay, and e'en let him that finds her take her, she is not worth one single Tear from these sweet Eyes. A silly Creature, ha' no more Sense than to be so grossly cheated with a false Husband in her Arms all Night, e'en let her go; an ingenious Man as thou art, and cry for such a Fool! I am asham'd of her.

Esq Nay, as thou say'st, she is a little Shallow.

Lucy. Shallow, why, she wants common Sense, a Goose has got more Brains; do you think dear 'Squire, if I had been the happy happy Woman t' have slept all Night in thy dear Arms, do you think any Body in the World should have put a sham 'Squire upon *Lucy* for a Husband.

Esq. Ay, Child, thou would'st have had more Wit than to be so cheated.

Lucy. Ah, 'Squire, if I had had the Charms to conquer so dear a Heart as thine; 'tis true, I am not Heiress to her Fortunes.

Esq. Hang Fortune, thou hast ten times her Sense, and that's worth ten times her Fortune; and Udzoeks, I'll tell her so: Look you forsooth, Madam, I don't know what—here has been a deal of Noise and Nonsense, and a parcel of Juggling and Fooling, and clapping up of blind Bargains, and getting to Bed I don't know how, with I don't know who, and doing I don't know what with a sham 'Squire, and all that; ay e'en, let you go, and he that finds you take you; Udzoeks, you are not worth one single Tear from these sweet Eyes; an ingenious Man as I am, and cry for such a Fool! a Goose has got more Brains and I'm asham'd of you; and look you for your Comfort, I care not a Farthing for you, nor your eight hundred a Year; here's honest *Lucy* has ten times your Brains, and is worth ten Score of you; and Udzoeks I'll marry her to Morrow so I will, that I will, and who cares this.

Charl. This will be kind indeed; well *Lucy*, if this worthy 'Squire will do thee the Honour to make thee

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thee his Lady, pray use him kindly for thy Mistress's sake.

Lucy. Ay, Madam, and for my own sake too; he knows I have been his true and faithful Servant, and ever lov'd him dearly.

Esq. Ay, and so thou hast.

Capt. Well Madam, since the Articles of Peace are now sign'd and seal'd on every Side, methinks we want a Bridal Song to celebrate the Joys of this blest Day.

Muck. Faith Son, and so we do; but now I think on't, my Daughter and I was invited this Day to my Neighbour Alderman *Plotwell's*, 'tis his Wife's Birth-day, and there's to be an extraordinary Entertainment of Musick and Dancing, what say you, shall we go together!

Charl. If the 'Squire and his fair Bride elect, will grace us with their Company.

Lucy. Ours, dear Madam; we shall be proud to wait upon you.

Esq. No, by my Troth, but you shall not; look you, Madam, I'd have you to know, that my Lady *Lucy* is as good a Genteel-body as your self, and you shall wait upon her now; and so come forward Girl. [*The 'Squire leads forth Lucy, Captain Charlotte and Muckland following.*]

SCENE, a Street, or Portico, before a Merchant's House.

Enter Lady and Bettrice.

Bettr. Nay, Madam, this will be a Masterpiece,
To have him enter your House without Fears of
(Alarms,
And your Husband himself throw him into your
(Arms.

Enter Alderman.

Alder. What, at the Door, my Dear, to see and to be seen,

L. Plot.

L. Plot. Yes, Sir, I see with a despising Eye,
The flutt'ring Vanities of the World,
I look abroad to see its Follies,
Which make me prize my Joys at home more dear.

Enter Jocaril, disguis'd like an old Fellow, carrying a large Crate at his Back full of China Ware, hung round with Cups, Tea-Pots, &c.

Joc. Come, Ladies, buy my *China Ware*,
Here's Toys and Trinkets, rich and rare,
Like your fair selves all brittle Ware.
Delicate fine *China*!

L. Plot. Oh! my dear Honey, here's *China Ware*;
and I do so love *China* — shall I buy some, my Dear?

Alder. Ay, ay, buy't all, let no Body buy thee,
and thou shalt buy every Thing.

Whilst in my Arms these Sweets I hold,
Love me and melt me into Gold.

L. Plot. Hark'ye, Friend, where canst thou shew
me thy *China*?

Alder. Where? Fool! Why carry him into thy
Chamber, and let him shew thee all.

Bettr. Well, Friend follow me. [*Exit with Joc.*
[*Alderman Exit at a contrary Door.*

*The SCENE changes to a Bedchamber,
Discovering the Lady, Bettrice, and Jocaril,
the Crate now set down.*

L. Plot. Now, where's my *China*!

Sir Char. Here, my charming Fair, [*Coming out of*
Substantial China, no frail brittle Ware. *the Crate.*

L. Plot. But, hark! What Noise is that!

Sir Char. Noise! [*Slips into the Crate again.*

L. Plot. Only a false Alarm, my foolish Fear.

Sir Char. [*Coming out of the Crate again.*

Banish those Fears, let me employ,
My happier Minutes now in Joys and Raptures.

L. Plot.

L. Plot. Nay, hold, hold, not so fast, a little less of our Lips and more of our Wits together; let us think of a little Policy, as well as all Love—What, if to keep the old Fool in good Humour, that he may not be popping in to fright us, I should send him, by my Maid, some small *China Toy*, as a Token of my true Love to him.

Sir Char. A very good Thought.

L. Plot. The fond thing is so tickled with the least Bowble I send him, especially sweeten'd with some Honey-Message sent with it, that he naturally runs with it into his Closet, hugs it, and kisses it forty Times over, and then hangs it up for a Relique.

Sir Char. Is he such a *Sir Amorous*?

L. Plot. Beyond all Example—Well, what shall I send him?

Sir Char. A Cawdle-Cup, Madam.

L. Plot. Oh, fie! That will affront him; he hates every thing that looks like pointing at his Age; no, here's a better Present by half, I'll send this little Image of *Cupid*.

[Taking a Figure out of the
Crate, representing a Cupid.

Sir Char. Oh! an excellent Fancy.

L. Plot. Here, Girl, carry this Present from me to thy Master.

Bettr. And what must I say?

L. Plot. Nay, I'll leave that to thee, I need not furnish thy ready Wit with a set Speech for such an Embassy.

Bettr. Well, Madam, I'll do my Best. [Exit with
the Cupid.

Sir Char. Now, Madam, to your Closet let's retire, And whilst he's worshipping his *China-Cupid*, I'll kneel to my fair *Venus*.—Come—

L. Plot. I dare not.

Sir Char. Dare not!

L. Plot. No, I dare not.

Sir Char. How! fair Cruelty,
Have I approach'd so near the golden Coast of all my
long-

long-wish'd Joys, and to be Shipwreckt ev'n in the very Port.

Enter Bettrice, running.

[*Sir Charles slips into the Crate.*]

Enter Alderman, with the Cupid in one Hand, and a large Cudgel in the other.

Alder. Here, Sirrah, is this your *China-Ware*?

Joc. Ay, Sir, upon my Honesty, right true *China*, the richest and best that could be got for Love or Gold; so fine, so pretty, such an Ornament for a Lady's Bedchamber——

Alder. And does your Rascalship intend to adorn my virtuous Lady's Bedchamber with naked Boys, Villain!

L. Plot. Alas! my Dear, my harmless Innocence meant no Hurt at all.

Alder. I know thou didst not; but this wicked Varlet, this sly Seducer, to bring his prophane *China* to lead thy chaste Eyes astray, and snare thy virtuous Modesty into Temptation and Vanity. *Cupids*, Rascal! I'll do your Business for a *China-Merchant*. [*He*

falls a cudgelling the Crate amongst the China, and at every Stroke he makes a dismal Clatter, amongst broken Jugs, and Glass-Bottles and other Glass-Work, &c. as if he really broke a whole Basket of China to Pieces.

Joc. Undone! undone! undone! oh! dear Sir, Mercy, Mercy! [*On his Knees*

Alder. No, Rascal, bawdy Pictures! [*Beats again.*

L. Plot. Nay, now you have punisht him too severely; broke all the poor Fellow's *China*, and quite ruin'd him.

Joc. Ay, Madam, all my whole Estate, a hundred good Shillings all gone, lost! my whole Family destroy'd, a poor Wife, and half a Dozen sucking Children, all ruin'd and undone!

Alder.

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Alder. No, Slave, I'll punish thee, but not undo thee ; there's Gold to buy more *China*, but take care how you come into my House again.

[*Gives him five Guineas.*]

[*Sir Charles comes out of the Crate with Scars and Streaks of Blood all over his Hands and Face, as so many Cuts.*]

L. Plot. What do I see, thy Hands and Face all Bloody !

Sir Char. Ay, see what a rueful Phyz is here ! The cursed Splinters of the broken *China* have almost cut me to pieces ; you must present him with a *Cupid* in the Devil's Name ! Nay, 'twas a Mercy I had not my Eyes put out, and then you might have made a *Cupid* of me too !

L. Plot. Alas, *Sir Charles*, poor unhappy Lover.

Sir Char. A Lover ? Do you call me ! No, a Mon-Death ! I am so Sliced and Carbonaded, (ster ! That were I but Pepper'd and Salted too, I were fit for nothing but a Gridiron.

L. Plot. Nay, this indeed's a Sight I cannot bear ! this last Misfortune melts the whole Woman in my Eyes, has touch'd my Heart so near, that from my Soul I pity you.

Sir Char. Pity your self, not me.

L. Plot. How ! my Dear, *Sir Charles* ! (own ;

Sir Char. Your *Sir Charles* ! No, Madam, I am my And so fair Vanity, farewell, [Offering to go.

But stay ; where am I going with this Face !

Madam ; your Honour must be Sacred still.

Here, *Jocaris*, take up this Load of Rubbish.

In the same Skreen that brought my Folly here

I'll shrow'd my Blushes back. [*Going to enter the Crate.*]

L. Plot. Hold, Sir, one parting Word ; as you're (resolv'd

Thus generously to skreen our Folly from the World,

And all in tenderness to preserve my Honour ;

I'll make you, Sir, as generous a Return.

Instead of giving you that needless Trouble,

I'll

I'll shew you, I have a Guardian of my own,
To shield my Honour. [*She Stamps, and the Alder-*
man enters in his Gown and Gold Chain, attended.

Sir Char. Death and Confusion!

Alder. Nay, start not, Sir,

I am not such a Stranger to Sir Charles,
That I shou'd fright you; I confess indeed,
I have not had the Happiness to be so well
Acquainted with that Face, till I now see it
All over deck'd with those fair Marks of Honour;
However, I have been intimately Conversant
With your fair Fame and Character, a particular
Confident in all your whole Amour, ev'n from the
(*Lapdog*

Under the Table, to the Eccho in the Fountain, and the
Pagode in the China-Basket.

Sir Char. Here's Jiltwork! [*Aside.*

L. Plot. And though you have not had the happy
Fortune of finishing the *Alderman's* Crest, however,
I have taken care that my kind Spouse shou'd treat
you with all the grateful heartiest Civility, as if he
had been that real City-Husband.

Alder. The Monster you design'd me.

Sir Char. Hell, and Vengeance! was ever Man so
cheated!

Bettr. Or Woman either! how has she cheated me
too. [*Aside.*

Sir Char. Well, fair Hypocrite,
Has all this fondling of your Coxcomb Cully
Been only Masquerade?

L. Plot. Even so, Sir:

Alder. Ay, Sir Charles,
Her Favours have been all but airy Visions; (tial,
Mine, I confess, have been somethink more Substan.
And worthy Sir, you have felt 'em such — and now
To crown the warm Civilities I have paid you,
I'll give you some small Sample of my Charity too;
I'll send you, Sir t' an Hospital, to cure
Those honourable Wounds — Who waits there!

Enter

Enter the Alderman's Clerk.

Make a Mittimus for that Villain,
The insolent Invader of my Honour ;
To send that Bird of Prey to roost in *Newgate*.

Sir Char. To *Newgate*, Sir ! [*Clerk sits down to write.*

Alder. Ay, *Newgate*—those Cage Walls,
And that rough Nest, is fit for Kites and Vultures—

Sir Char. Are you in earnest, Sir !

Alder. Ay Sir, as hearty
In the just Vengeance of an injur'd Husband
As her attempted Virtue, and my assaulted Honour
Can spur my Justice ; quick, dispatch, away with him.

Joc. Oh, my poor Master ! (cruel ;

Sir Char. Hold, Sir—if your Revenge can be so
Madam, I hope you have some Sparks of Mercy,
And will not heap more Vengeance on that Head,
Whose Sin you have already so severely scourg'd.

L. Plot. Alas, my Mercy, *Sir Charles*, will do you
but little Service ; you know I am but a Femme
Covert, and my Bail will never pass before a City-
Magistrate for a Cuckold-maker. (Mr. Alderman,

Sir Char. Art thou too turn'd Barbarian ! Well,
Tho' I have been so capital a Criminal ;
May not these infamous Marks of Justice make
Atonement for my Sin, without exposing me
To be the Jest of every laughing Fool ?

Ald. No, you'll conceal that Shame, and cure those
Marks of Infamy ; my Wrongs demand a publick
(Satisfaction.

Nor hope your Knighthood shall protect you ; no, Sir,
I have caught you stoln into my House, a Thief
And Robber ; and as such, expect your Punishment.
But yet a little, Sir, to lighten Sorrow,
And find you Company to share Affliction,
I will divide my Favours ; This young Temptress,
This false She-snake, brib'd by your Golden Devils,
To sell her Lady's Honour——

Bettr. What will become of me now ! (Palm.

Alder. Her smarting Skin shall cure her itching
F She

She shall to *Bridewell*; and for you vile *Pander*,
 To that leud Monster's Shame, a good strong Work-
 (House,
 Hard Beetles, and tough Hemp; my Sturdy Vagrant
 Shall find you honefter Labour then the Porteridge
 Of bawdy Loads of China: Make dispatch then,
 And write both their Commitments too.

Joc. O dear, Sir, Mercy?

[*Kneels.*

Dear Sir, forgive me, I am not worth your Anger;
 Alas, Sir, I am but a poor hireling Servant,
 My Sin was all Obedience.

Bettr. And mine Delusion,

We are but petty Criminals in this Cause. —

L. Plot. Let me, Sir, intercede for these poor
 For this false Creature, I shall punish her, [Wretches;
 By turning her with Scorn out of my Service;
 And for that Varlet, let the guilty Master
 Pay for the Slave's Offence.

Alder. I am satisfied.

(*stice,*

Sir Char. Madam, I thank you, this is noble Ju-
 The Sin's all mine, and mine be all the Punishment.

Alder. Discharge that Traytress from my House;
 and spurn this Slave out of my Doors.

Joc. I thank your Worship. [*Exit, kick'd out by
 the Clerk.*

Sir Char. Now Sir, for me; as these poor crimi-
 (nal Wretches
 Have begg'd your Pardon, let me court your Ven-
 (geance;

Yes, Sir, send me to *Newgate*. [*The Clerk gives the
 Alderman a Paper as a Mittimus.*

I have been one of those censorious Libertines,
 Who think no Woman's Honour so impregnable,
 But what Temptation may attacque and conquer:
 And from that Principle I pursu'd this Lady:
 But when to my Confusion, such bright Virtue
 Opens my now enlighten'd Eyes, when under
 The righteous Arm of Justice, I have past
 Thro' my whole shameful Pennance,
 T'atone her Wrongs, and scourge an impious Infidel;

I'll search the World, if possible, to find
Her Second ; and in her dear Arms of Innocence,
Taste the true Joys of Life.

Alder. Now you've disarm'd me, [*Tearing the*
Mittimus.]

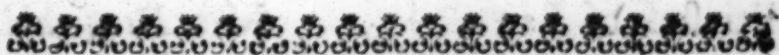
Your Penitence has made me a more acceptable Pay-
Then all the Rods of Law can ever give me. [ment,

L. Plot. Yes, now you've made me ample Satis-
faction,

True Justice does not hold her Scales and Sword
Only to weigh and scourge Offences ; no,
She has one yet sublimer Task assign'd,
Her noblest Work is to reform Mankind.

Sir Char. Such matchless Virtue sets so fair a Pat-
Enough to mend the whole degenerate World. [tern,
For my own Part you have so far prevail'd,
And have so generously my Pardon given,
That I'll deserve it both from you and Heaven.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T V.

S C E N E *the Alderman's Hall.*

*Enter Alderman with other Friends, Muckland,
Capt. Manworth, Charlotte, Lucy, &c.*

Alder. **I** Assure you, Neighbour, I take this as a
particular Favour, and am overjoy'd, that
your Daughter is so happily bestow'd : Come, Gen-
tlemen and Ladies, we'll be very merry to day,
we'll first see the Masque, and by that Time Supper
will be ready.



Dramatis Personæ.

DECIUS MUNDUS.	Mrs. Barbier.
SIMO, <i>an Attendant on him.</i>	Mr. Leveridge.
PAULINA.	Mrs. Thurmond.
IDA, <i>an Attendant on her.</i>	Mr. Pack.
Priestess of ISIS.	Mrs. Fitzgerald.

Priests and Dancers.

SCENE, *The Temple of Isis, and adjacent
Parts in ROME,*





DECIUS and PAULINA,
A
MASQUE.

SCENE I.

PAULINA, SIMO, and IDA

Pau. **I**N vain you strive my Breast to move;
I'm arm'd against the Force of Love.

Sim. Ah, fair Paulina! If the
(Charms
Of Decius touch not your relentless
(Soul,

Yet weigh his Wealth and boundless Pow'r,
And see how bright these Jewels blaze!

[Shews a Bracelet.]

Here Cupid plays with wond'rous Art,
And ev'ry sparkling Gem's a Dart.

Pau. Back to thy Lord his treach'rous Presents bear;
And, with them, say how much I scorn his Love.

Ida, the solemn Hour's at hand,

When we at *Isis's* hallow'd Shrine must bow.

Yet here ?——

[*Looking on Simo.*]

Then I must shun the Place,

For Virtue suffers when it treats with Shame.

Ye Pow'rs, that chaster Thoughts inspire,

And guard our Virgin Fame,

Let no licentious wild Desire

My peaceful Breast inflame.

[*Exit Paulina.*]

SCENE II.

SIMO, and IDA.

Sim. Ida.

Id. What says my *Simo* dear ?

Sim. The Golden Hopes are fled ;
Fantastick Sex ! Ah, silly Pride,
A Gift of such a Price to scorn !

'Tis not Virtue, but 'tis Vice

To be so reserv'd and nice :

When they are so richly hir'd,

Why should they doubt,

And why stand out,

When so little is requir'd ?

'Tis not Virtue, but 'tis Vice

To be so reserv'd and nice.

Id. Must Women then, because they bloom in
(Charms,

Strait fall into th'expecting Lover's Arms ?

Sim. Why not ? The mellow Pear, we see,
If over-ripe, forsakes the Tree.

Id. Were we so courteous, and so forward found,
We soon might lie neglected on the Ground.

I would.

The Lady's Triumph.

55

*I would that Woman
Should yield to no Man,
Or Love like Autumn-Fruit bestow ;
No, no, 'tis Reason,
You nick the Season,
And take the Trouble to shake the Bough.*

Sim. Can cruel *Ida* then consent
To give her *Simo* Discontent ?
And let him dwindle, till he but discover
The meagre Shadow of a lusty Lover ?

*Take me, while this Bloom and Grace
Give a Lustre to my Face :
E'er this Shape and Mien forsake me,
Age unnerve, or Palsies shake me,
E'er old Time my Strength destroy,
And I grow unfit for Joy,
Take me while this Bloom and Grace
Give a Lustre to my Face.*

Id. *Simo*, thou know'st how much I love,
How much thy beauteous Form I prize,

But, ah ! 'tis wond'rous, wond'rous sweet,

To have a Lover

Some Pains discover,

And sigh, and languish at our Feet.

Freely would I to thy Arms,

Give up all my youthful Charms,

And thy gen'rous Passion meet :

But, ah ! 'tis wond'rous, wond'rous sweet,

To have a Lover

Some Pains discover,

And sigh, and languish at our Feet.

Sim. Soft ! *Decius* comes ; my Duck, retire :
'Twere well thou wer't not seen, till we

Can :

Can with more welcome Tidings greet him.

[Ida goes out, and Simo retires to one Corner of the Stage.]

SCENE III.

DECIUS, and SIMO.

Dec. O Love, thou anxious, pleasing Guest!
How are we pain'd, how are we blest!
Now we feel Despair and Anguish,
Now with Joy we sweetly languish,
Hope and Fear divide the Breast.

O Love, thou anxious, pleasing Guest!
How are we pain'd, how are we blest!

Simo, what says the charming Maid?

Will She be kind, and yield to Love?

Sim. 'Tis hard a Woman's Will to find;
Or by her Words expound her Mind.

Dec. Keep me not in Suspense;
But say, at once,——what Hopes remain?

Sim. Then, longer not in doubt to hold you,
Take This—and think my Story told you.

[Gives Decius the Bracelet.]

Dec. Does She my Presents and my Love despise?
Proud, and disdainful Fair,
Thus to requite the Pains I've bore!

*I no more a Slave will be,
Revenge shall set me free;*

But ah! she hangs about my Heart.

Yet Rage shall remove

The God of Love,

And drive him from each Part;

But, ah! she hangs about my Heart.

The Lady's Triumph.

57

*I no more a Slave will be,
Revenge shall set me free.*

Sim. Rage will not make your Passion less ;
To be reveng'd, is, to possess.
Paulina, tho' of Love afraid,
Is still a Superstitious Maid,
And by her Zeal may be betray'd.

Dec. Say on ; ——— thy mystick Words explain.

Sim. Oft she to *Isis*' Temple goes,
And piously renews her Vows ;
With Gold suborn the attending Tribe
Of Priests, (for Priests will take a Bribe :)
And They, by some well-wrought Device,
Will Her to your Embrace entice.

Dec. Thou kindest, best Assistant !
Receive this earnest of my Love :

[Gives Simo a Purse of Gold.]

Still serve my Flame, and *Decius* is thy Friend.
But to the sacred Dome I'll strait repair,
And execute the great Design.

Simo, this Signet quick to *Fulvius* bear,
And from him fifty Talents bring ;

I at the Temple shall be found. *[Exit Simo.]*

Bright Cytherea ! Queen of Love !

The cold, relentless Charmer move :

O let her feel thy pleasing Fire,

And breath into her Soul Desire !

Bright Cytherea ! Queen of Love !

The cold, relentless Charmer move.

[Exit Decius.]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

IDA and SIMO.

Ida. *Simo ;*

Simo. My Love ; — I must not stay,
But to the Temple strait away :
Yet, hold ; receive this glitt'ring Store,

[*Gives her Gold.*

And think, if things hit right, of more.

My Genius now is busie grown,

And Fate's resolv'd my Worth to crown :

I'm fill'd with Thoughts of sudden State ;

'Tis Jove inspires

These big Desires,

This strange Ambition to be Great.

My Genius now is busie grown,

And Fate's resolv'd my Worth to crown.

Ida. Ah! *Simo*, if thy Wits remain,
If no bad Star has hurt thy Brain,
Let such vain Whimsies stand confin'd,
And to thy Fortunes fit thy Mind :
These Raptures would more welcome be,
If right employ'd, on Love, and Me.

*The Nymph, that boasts the happy Charms
To win a Lover to her Arms,*

Is pleas'd to hear her Beauty's Praise:

When with artful Complaisance

You our Beauty's Praise inhance,

O then you most our Liking raise.

The Nymph, that boasts the happy Charms

To win a Lover to her Arms,

Is pleas'd to hear her Beauty's Praise.

Sim.

Sim. For this some other Time allow,
Decius demands my Service now.
In short, his Suit, as best thou may'st, promote,
And I to Thee my self for Life devote.

Sim. } And then, O then, my { Simo } dear,
Ida. } { Ida }

Both. 'Twill all be Transport, Love, and Joy:

Sim. Then } at Will { I'll } revel here,
Ida. Thou } { shalt }

Sim. Then I'll } take unnumber'd Kisses,
Ida. Thou shalt }

Sim. Then I'll } reap unnumber'd Blissess,
Ida. Thou shalt }

Both. And each Hour in Love employ.

Sim. } And then, O then, my { Ida } dear,
Ida. } { Simo }

Both. 'Twill all be Transport, Love, and Joy.
[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE V.

The Temple of Isis.

A large open Temple appears, reaching to the Extent of the Stage, with a double Range of Pillars: In each Side-scene over the Capitals, and the Cornish of each Pillar are so many Eagles in various Forms; the whole Body and Carvings of the Temple all of a white Stone-colour, the Prospect ends with a Portico of Grottesque Stone-work, opening to a Garden, with a large view of Arborage, and the whole cover'd with spacious Arches of Clouding.

A PRIESTESS, and several PRIESTS attending.

'Priestess. Great Isis! Sister of the Sun!

Thou, that the darksome Cheek of Night

Do'st

*Dost pale with Beams of Silver Light,
When we thy hallow'd Altars crown,
Incline, incline, thy sacred Ear,
O Goddess, and propitious hear.*

S C E N E VI.

PAULINA, IDA, PRIESTESS, and PRIESTS.

*Priestess. Paulina, hail! O happy Maid,
Whose Mortal Beauties have a God inflam'd,
Divine Anubis sighs for thy Embrace,
And to possess Thee from his Heav'n descends.*

*Paul. Ye gracious Pow'rs! Am I awake?
Alas! I tremble.——*

*Priest. Calm these Fears,
And to the Purpose of the Gods resign;
So shall a Train of Joys attend thee:
But if refusing, you his Love despise,
Soon will that Bloom of Beauty change,
And Sickness wither all thy youthful Charms.*

*Paul. Give me some Proof, that by the Gods
Thou dost these Words pronounce. (Command*

*Priest. So, when by Vision he his Will reveal'd,
Was I commission'd to confirm thy Doubts:
And know, Anubis will with Pomp appear,
And from thy self thy self demand.*

*Paul. New Transports all my Pow'rs controul,
They croud, and take up all my Soul:
Thro' ev'ry throbbing Vein I feel
An unacquainted Pleasure steal.
New Transports all my Pow'rs controul,
They croud, and take up all my Soul.*

Priest.

EPILOGUE.

*Indeed my Alderman's below the Chair,
It had not been so well, had he been Mayor.*

*I know, you Courtiers, one and all are bent,
To damn the Poet for this President ;
If Virtue should get too much ground i'th' City,
Half your Amours were spoil'd, and that were Pity !
Since 'tis the Satisfaction of your Lives,
To have a close Intrigue, and slight your Wives.
Well, Heav'n forgive you, for it scarce will mend
Till sober Age, and its Effects attend you. (you
And now to say the Truth, and to excuse,
The 'foresaid Error of our Poet's Muse,
The good Man may his Years with Justice plead,
For his old Pegasus is past his Speed ;
And they, who have been lewd beyond all Measure,
Grow mighty Zealots, when they grow past Plea-
(sure.*

*Had he been young, no doubt, I should have been
A modern Wife, and well inclin'd to Sin.*

*But make the best of what the Moral paints,
You all must once grow old, tho' not all Saints ;
And then you'll wish for their sweet Sakes, that must
Your Lands inherit, when your selves are Dust,
All Wives were chaste ; and 'twere the Fashion
For ev'ry Man to love at least his Own. (grown,*

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

- Sir Cunningham Plotwell*, a rich
 Alderman, Aged 56, and
 Married to a young Lady
 of Eighteen. } *Mr. Bullock, Sen.*
Sir Charles Traplove, a Man of
 Intrigue, in Love with,
 and pursuing the Lady
 Plotwell. } *Mr. Ryan.*
Barnaby Muickland, originally a
 Lincolnshire Grafter, but
 some little Time come to
 live in London, Father to
 Charlotte. } *Mr. Griffin.*
Capt. Manworth, an Officer,
 newly arrived from *Flan-*
ders, in Love with *Char-*
lotte. } *Mr. Leigh.*
Timothy Lackwit, Esq; design'd
 by her Father to marry
 Charlotte. } *Mr. Pack.*
Jocaril, a Livery Servant to
 Sir Charles. } *Mr. Spiller.*
Roger, Servant to the Captain. } *Mr. Hild. Bullock.*

W O M E N.

- Charlotte*, engaged to the *Capt.*
 her Father's only Child. } *Mrs. Bullock.*
Lady Plotwell. } *Mrs. Thurmond.*
Bettrice, her Maid. } *Mrs. Gifford.*
Lucy, Maid to *Charlotte*. } *Mrs. Spiller.*

The Lady's Triumph.

61

*Priest. Prepare ; Anubis is at hand ;
Sound all your Instruments of Joy,
With solemn Measures beat the Ground,
And celebrate the God's Approach.*

*[A Dance, after which the Priestess waves her
Wand, and the Temple is chang'd, &c.*

*Here, in a twinkling of an Eye, the whole Pillar-work in
the Scenes are shuffled away, and chang'd to so many
Pillars of blue Marble, richly fluted with Gold; the
Base and Capitals also gilt, the Eagles above in
like manner, whilst in the same Moment, the Cloud-
ing is snatcht up out of Sight, the whole Temple ap-
pearing Arch'd throughout ; at the Foot of each Arch
a large Figure of Fame gilt, the whole Circle of the
Arches enrich'd with Carvings of Gold, and large Fe-
scoons of Flowers ; in the same Moment also, the Gar-
den below is snatch'd away, and an inferior Visto of
Temple-work of a different Order, to a great depth of
Prospect, appears ; and also a superior Curtain being
drawn up, discovers a transparent Temple of the Sun,
in which an Illuminated Sun is seen, circled with
Rays in the Center of the Back-scene, in the highest
View of the Heavens, and at the Back-wall of the
House ; the whole Change made with an extraordinary
Swiftness, &c.*

G

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

DEC IUS *as the God ANUBIS*, **PAULINA**,
IDA, **PRIESTESS**, and **PRIESTS**.

Dec. *Celestial Maid! O far more bright
Than Beauty's Queen, how great thy Charms!
The Graces view Thee with Delight,
And Cupid revels in thy Arms.
Celestial Maid! O far more bright
Than Beauty's Queen, how great thy Charms!*

Enters SIMO.

Sim. Say, *Ida*, does the pious Fraud succeed?

Ida. Peace, Fool, I would thou wert not here;
That Face does too much Business wear.

Sim. I stand corrected, and to shew
I value your Advice, I'll go. [Exit Simo]

Dec. Again, in Honour of *Paulina's* Name,
The solemn Rites perform;
And let the Ecchoing Skies resound your Joy.

[Here the Dance is renew'd.]

[Paulina, as the Alderman's Lady.]

Pau Well, here I think the Story comes to such
a Close, that the Business may properly end.

Ald. My Wife is so Discreet, that she will not
suffer even the Representation of an ill Action, to
come too near her Reputation; But pray, my Dear,
take care of these Friends that have assisted you in
the Entertainment. Come Gentlemen and Ladies,
if my Cook has not been Lazy, we may hope now
to be merry over our Supper.

The Lady's Triumph.

63

Capt. We are all already sufficiently feasted, Sir ;
but 'till Bed-time you may command our Hours.
Oh ! Mr. *Alderman*, had we but twenty such Patterns
of Hospitality, as you are, the City might be Re-
form'd, and its rich Members be as much fam'd for
their good Offices, as some of 'em are now despis'd
for their Avarice and Penury.

*The sordid Wretch, that hoards the darling Store,
Yet fears to touch it, and still grasps at more,
Is but the Ghost of Man, he only Lives* (gives.
Who dares employ the Wealth, which Heaven's Indulgence
[*Excunt Omnes.*

F I N I S.

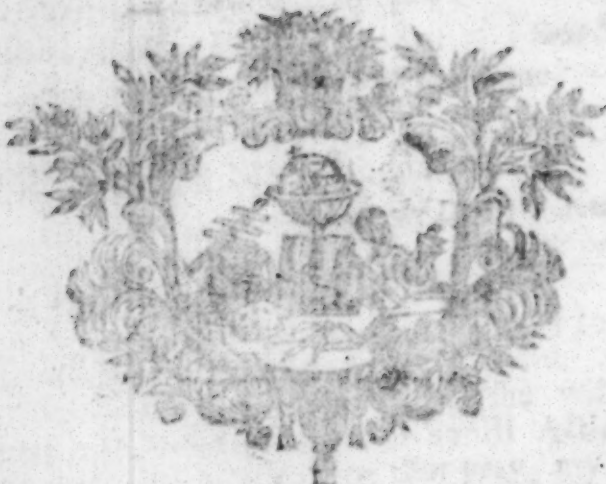


The Lady's Triumph.

Case. We are all already sufficiently feasted, Sir; but till Bed-time you may command our Hours. Oh! Mr. Alderman, had we but twenty such Partners of Hospitality, as you are, the City might be reformed, and its rich Members be as much kind to their good Officers, as some of 'em are now desir'd for their Avarice and Perverity.

The Jewish Herod, that board the dining Stone, we learn to touch it, and fill it with wine, as but the Gods of Man, he only lives. Who have copy the Jewish, which is a sign of living. Exeunt Omnes.

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